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MY GARDEN OF VERSE

BY

GRETCHEN LEWIS COURTNEY



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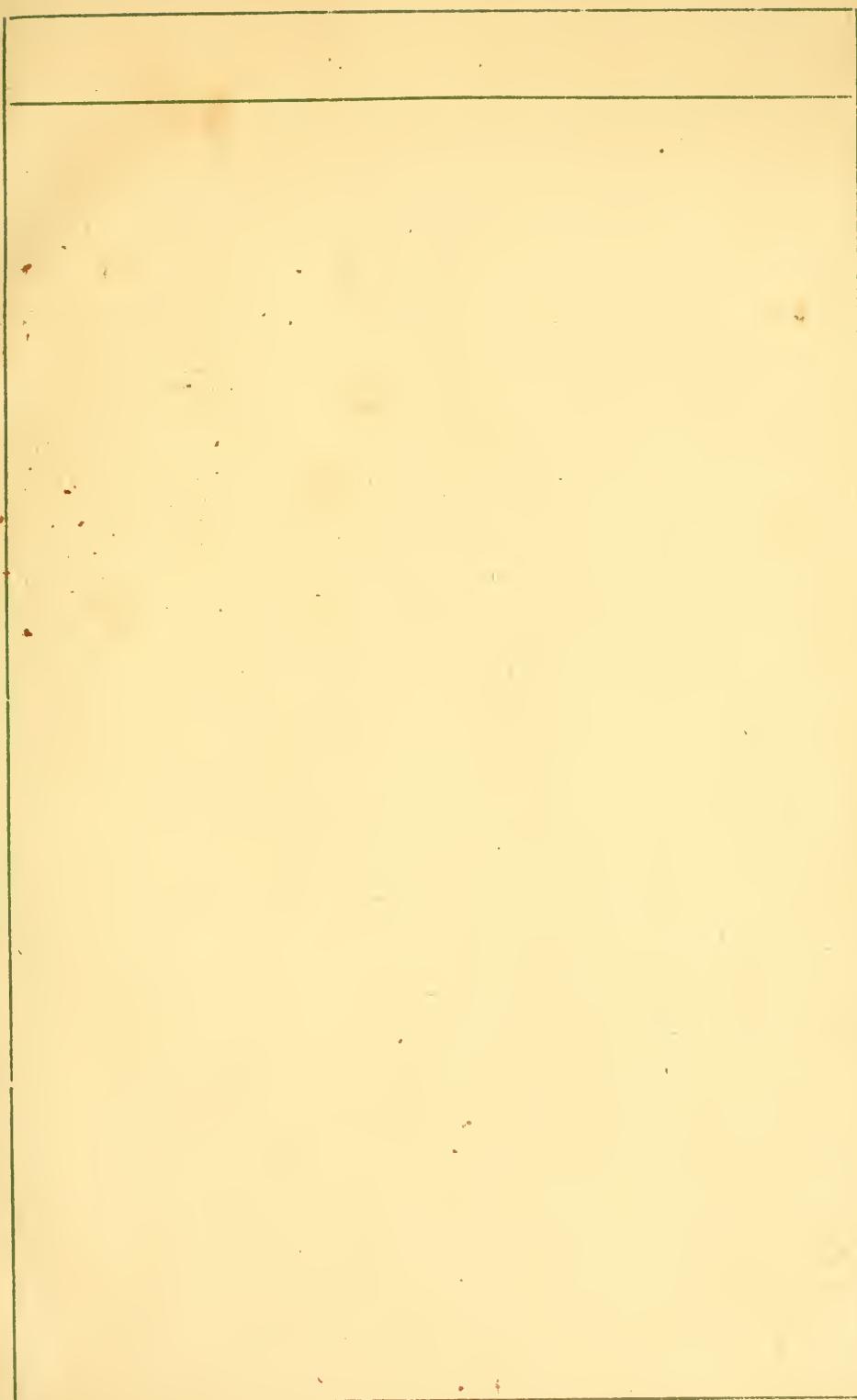
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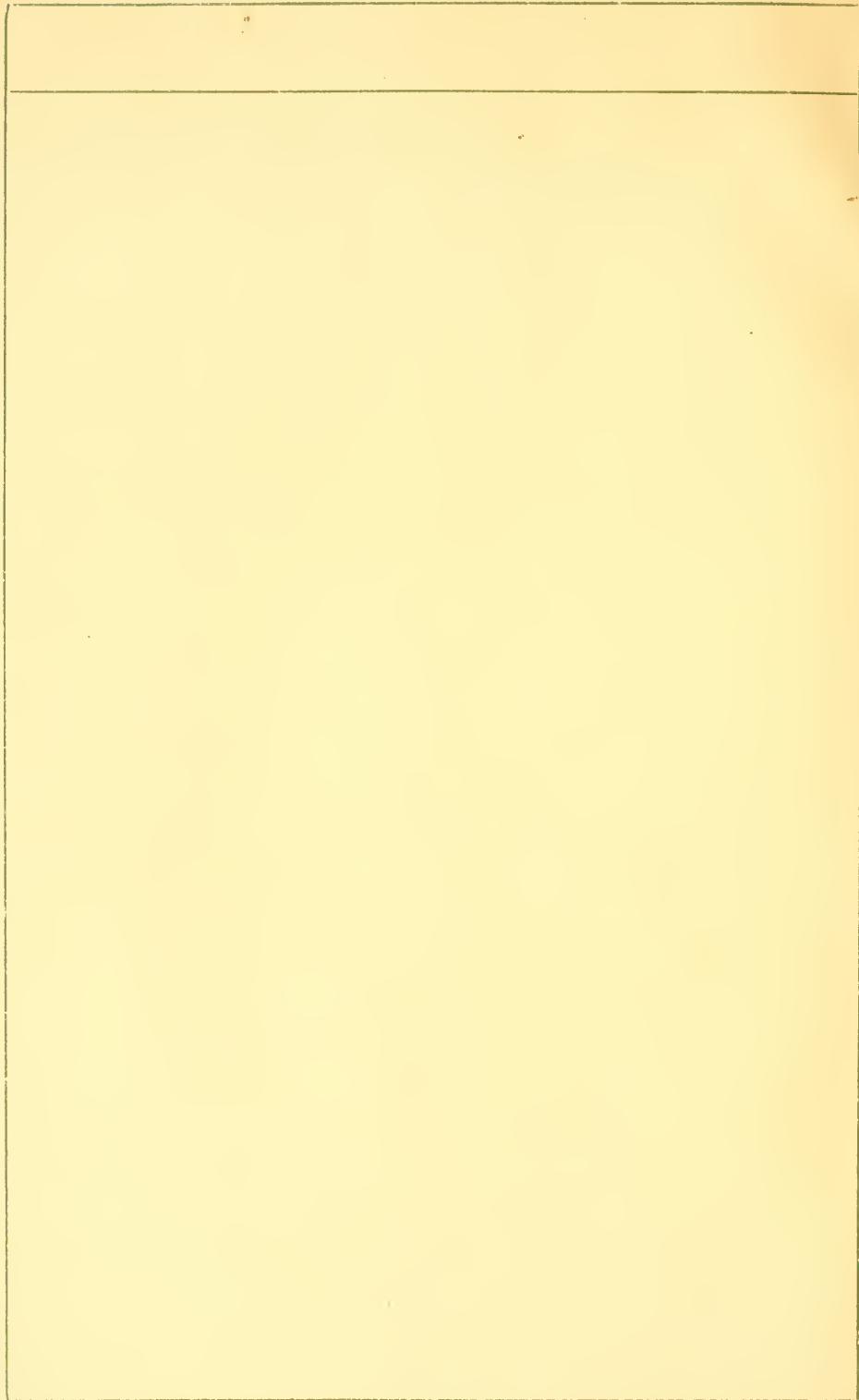
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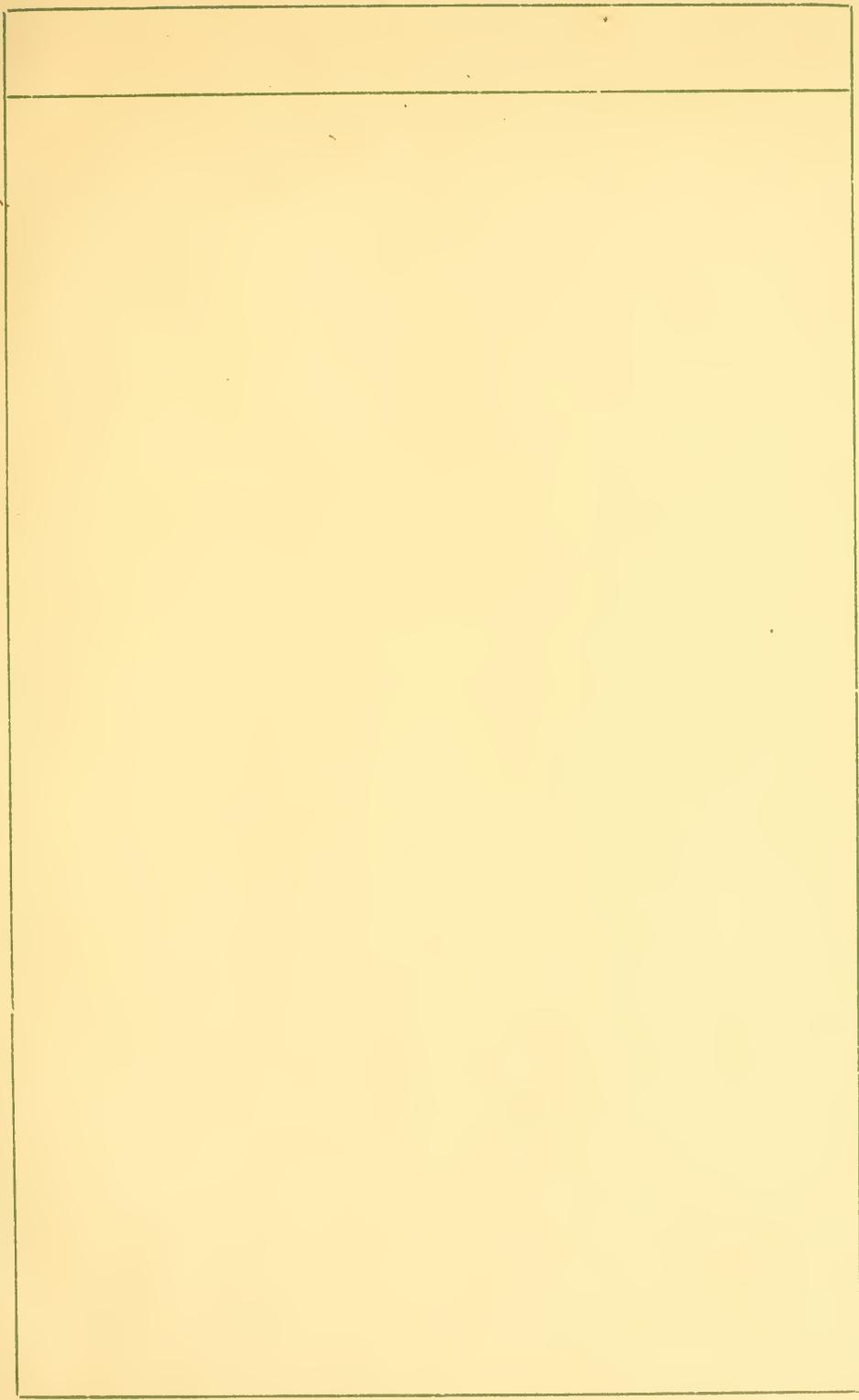
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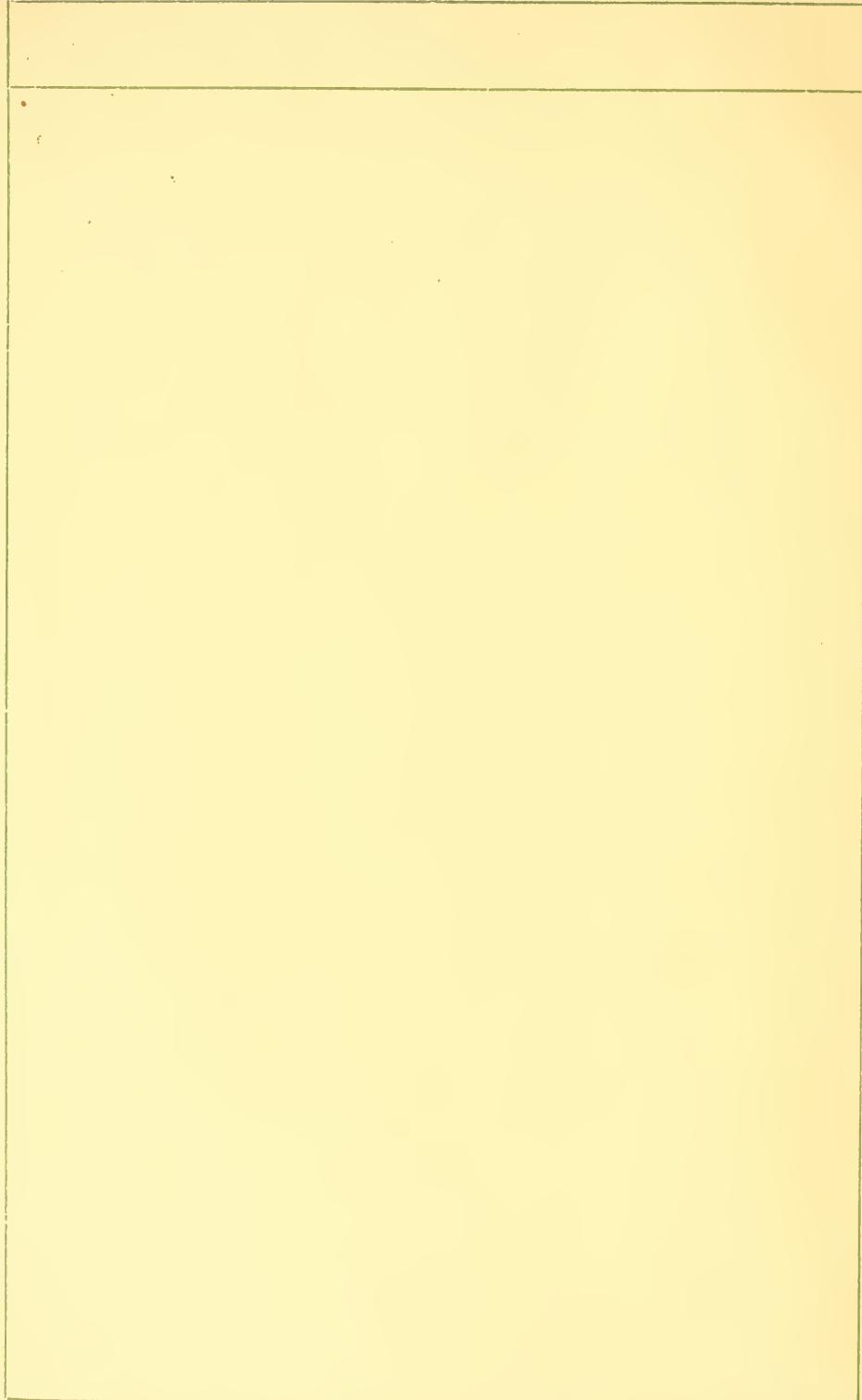














MY GARDEN OF VERSE

By

GRETCHEN LEWIS COURTNEY

PUBLISHED BY
GILES C. COURTNEY
RICHMOND, VA.

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SONGS THE SPIRIT SINGS

*Songs the Spirit Sings—echoes of light—
What ecstasy rings in their genius and might;
Borne out of the ether, cradled in thought;
In silence they enter the soul and are wrought.*

To a lass whose faith in a
slender talent was my
spur, and to a knight
whose service of love with
skilful hands made this
little volume possible.

MY GARDEN OF VERSE

MY GARDEN

Out in the cool of my garden silence
My thoughts, unleashed, leap up and on.
No jarring note nor mortal nearness
To consciously direct their course.
From subterranean depths of memory
Spontaneously a golden stream
Winds in and out of flowers and grasses,
Paints pictures that the sky reflects,
Leaves jewels in the tangled masses,
Etches trees with leaves of lace,
Floods the soul with inspiration
Found in solitude sublime—
A nature's Trinity unsullied
Combined in God and love and mind.

1922

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS

Dedicated to Woodrow Wilson

Beautiful thoughts from the minds of men
Speed straight to God and He blesses them
Ere they come like the sun and the fragrant rain
To warm and refresh us again and again.
Such thoughts are flowers, and their costly seed
Are nurtured in hearts that ache and bleed
With the woes of the world and the sorrows of life,
With the burdens of others, the stress and the strife;
Till out of it all bursts the soul that lives,
Strengthens and grows, blossoms and gives;
Till the stalk bends down and sleeps 'neath the sod
To awaken at last in the image of God.

—
1922

AS A MAN THINKETH

"Touch not mine anointed,"
But thine own cup cleanse,
And deep within its shining lens
Thou soon shalt see reflected there
Thy Brother's soul with beauty rare.
Do we erush the rose beeause of the thorn?
Or rail at the night that follows the morn?
Love lifts the heart and faith the soul;
Doubt chokes the will, the way, the goal.
Pluck out the beam that makes thee blind
If thou wouldest help another find
The tiny mote that floats away
When perfect love shines as the day.

1922

TO AN OLD WEDDING RING

Oh, little treasured circlet,
What memories you hold
Of love and faith and constancy
Within your virgin gold.

A talisman so precious,
So fragile, old and rare;
The glory of your beauty
Eternally you wear.

What a wealth of bliss you fettered;
What happy hearts you bound:
What joyous hopes and blessings
Within two lives you wound.

You are a bygone relié,
A sweet and tender thing;
A cherished gift, an amulet—
An old, worn wedding ring.

Though thin and pale from wear and age
Your message still you bear,
Lettered deep inside your rim,
A poem and a prayer.

"Mizpah," that magic word of yore,
The years have loved so well,
Will live and shine from age to age,
And love's sweet story tell.

1921

TO WALLER

Beyond the trees there's a silver sea
And my heart holds the gold of the sun,
For my little pal has come back to me
With his riot of laughter and fun.

The breezes are having their autumn meet,
While the glowing leaves scamper with joy;
They echo the gladness far down in the street
Of a rollicking dear little boy.

Vacation is o'er and books, laid away,
Have been gathered again in a pack
For little brown hands to carry each day
Along the old beaten track.

The lessons of life and the visions they give
Must breathe of God's own great love,
For the soul of a child was created to live
And its heart was a gift from above.

So my prayers are winging away to the skies
And my hopes are singing with glee
For my dear little pal with the handsome eyes
As he dances back home to me.

A DESECRATED FRIENDSHIP

I loved and lost you, Linda,
But in the niche I held
Within my heart to shrine you there
An angel I beheld.
I prayed and plead with this fair one
To bring you back to me.
Alas, I cannot, cried my guest,
Thy friend rejected thee.

I've come to give thee comfort
And teach the faith that heals
The wounds that men leave gaping
When envy conscience steals.
Earthly idols do not hold,
But as they fall away
A light appears to lead us up
Where love shines as the day.

Where moth and rust do not corrupt,
Nor thieves break through nor steal;
Where treasures old and new are kept,
Their beauties unrevealed;
Untarnished is the casket
That holds these gifts so rare,
Transfigured with immortal life
To greet and bless us there.

VIA TRITA VIA TUTA

The Beaten Path Is the Safe Path

Along the years there winds a trail
That leads to radiant life.
It is the trail the Master blazed
Through thorns and blood and strife.
It holds a Wilderness of gloom,
Gethsemane's sorrow and pain,
Calvary's cross—the angry mob,
Peter and Judas again,
Mary's and Magdalene's grief and loss,
The hate of a world of sin
Too hardened to see the light ahead
And the Christ who enters in,
To the fullness of a perfect life
He won for the thief at His side
And pleads to bestow on you and me
At this glorious Eastertide.

1922

TO H. B. S.

"And a little child shall lead them."

A tiny flower much too pure
For earthly soil and air
Was lifted by God's angels
Where all is bright and fair.

The memory of her little life
Is like an incense sweet,
Which wafts its perfume down the years,
Our weary souls to greet.

A baby's arms from Heaven,
Stretched down along the way,
Will lead the Pilgrim to the Heights
To watch and fast and pray.

A baby's dimpled footsteps,
So innocent and light,
Shall lead us up above the stars,
Beyond the shades of night.

A baby's heart, so clean and true,
Shall keep us strong and brave;
A baby's soul so blameless
Our own shall help to save.

NOT DEAD BUT SLEEPING

She is sleeping 'neath the roses
In the land she loved so well,
And in Heaven the angels smiling,
With raptured voices tell
Of a soul whose cares are lifted;
Of a life whose work is done;
Of a spirit which has drifted
Out beyond the setting sun.

She is resting by a daisy bed,
Where Southern breezes play;
Where flowers bud and bloom and shed
Their sweetness all the day;
Where birds of beauty sing and dwell—
The ones she loved to hear—
Their feathered throats with music swell;
They ever hover near.

Little vanished hands held out
To her these long, long years
Are clasping hers in beautiful sleep
That wakes to know no tears.
Around her in their dreamless rest
Lie others missed so long;
With them in the silent spirit world
She has joined the saintly throng.

A SABBATH SUNSET
IN ADVENT

A flaming radiance loosed by God
When a day of rest was done;
The wonder, power, beauty, love
Revealed in the setting sun.
No brush nor pen could paint the scene,
The brilliance and the light,
An oriflamme of Mary's gift—
The Christ Child in the night.

The aftermath and the peace that broods
O'er the soul when twilight brings
Thoughts and prayers that glow and gleam
With the flutter of angels' wings,
The prelude to those songs of praise
Rising that Christmas morn,
Proclaiming to the sons of men
That Jesus Christ was born.

—
1921

'TWAS EVER THUS

Pursuing the Queen of his choice to a Knight
Means winning the maid for his wife.
Being pursued by her Knight is joy to a maid
And illuminates the pathway of life.
It is one of High Heaven's immutable laws,
A perfect and beautiful plan;
But when it is altered, twisted, reversed,
It lowers the woman and man,
"For as unto the bow the arrow"
So is unto man, his mate—
He compelling; she resisting.
God speaks through them—it is fate.

1922

DORMANT, NOT EXTINCT

An impudent nose and glorious hair;
A scarlet mouth with a dimple there;
Brows and eyes where pure thoughts shine
Bewitching men's senses like rare old wine;
Patrician white hands and small, shapely feet;
Ways that are winning modest and sweet;
Wisdom and sense; a straight, slender form;
A vision—an ideal of real girlish charm.

1222

KISSES THREE

Kisses three to my darling I give,
And the tenderness they inspire
Keep them as pure as an angel's song.
Or the gleam of a vestal fire—
The Good-bye Kiss when I say farewell,
To answer the world's many calls;
The Twilight Caress when the shadows tell
I'm hastening back home to my love.

Then under a rose-covered gateway,
Or treading a moonlighted lea;
Or perhaps in a hammock just swinging;
Or maybe she's smiling at me;
When I feel surging up in my being
A love so mighty and deep
I pray God to ever be worthy
Such affection to cherish and keep.

The clasp of her hand is a solace;
The tone of her voice is a song;
The glow in her eyes is a poem
Where silent thoughts linger and throng;
And when all this womanly sweetnes
Bestows her rare graces on me
There's a splendor of light in the kiss that I win
Ne'er seen on land or sea.

SOME WEDDING TOASTS

(To the Bride)

To the sweet, quaint bride-eleet I drink,
 And may the strongest, loveliest link
 That binds her heart to another's tight
 Be the eircle she wears on her wedding night.

God bless and keep you what you are
 So sweet, so fine, so true;
 May you ever be the guiding star
 Of the life that's dear to you.

Here's to a pretty girl,
 Here's to a priceless pearl,
 Here's to her future life,
 Here's to God's sunshine,
 Here's to the marriage lines,
 Here's to a rare, sweet wife.

(To the Groom)

May fate deal with you always
 As she did some years ago,
 When she kindly marked you as the man
 Whose answer was not "No."

Here's to the love of a brother,
 Here's to the love of a son,
 Here's to the love of a lover,
 And here's to the three in one.

I drink to a dear little home nest,
 And the joy it soon will know;
 I drink to the fellow who owns it—
 A big brave gallant beau.

TO MOTHERS

To F. L. S.

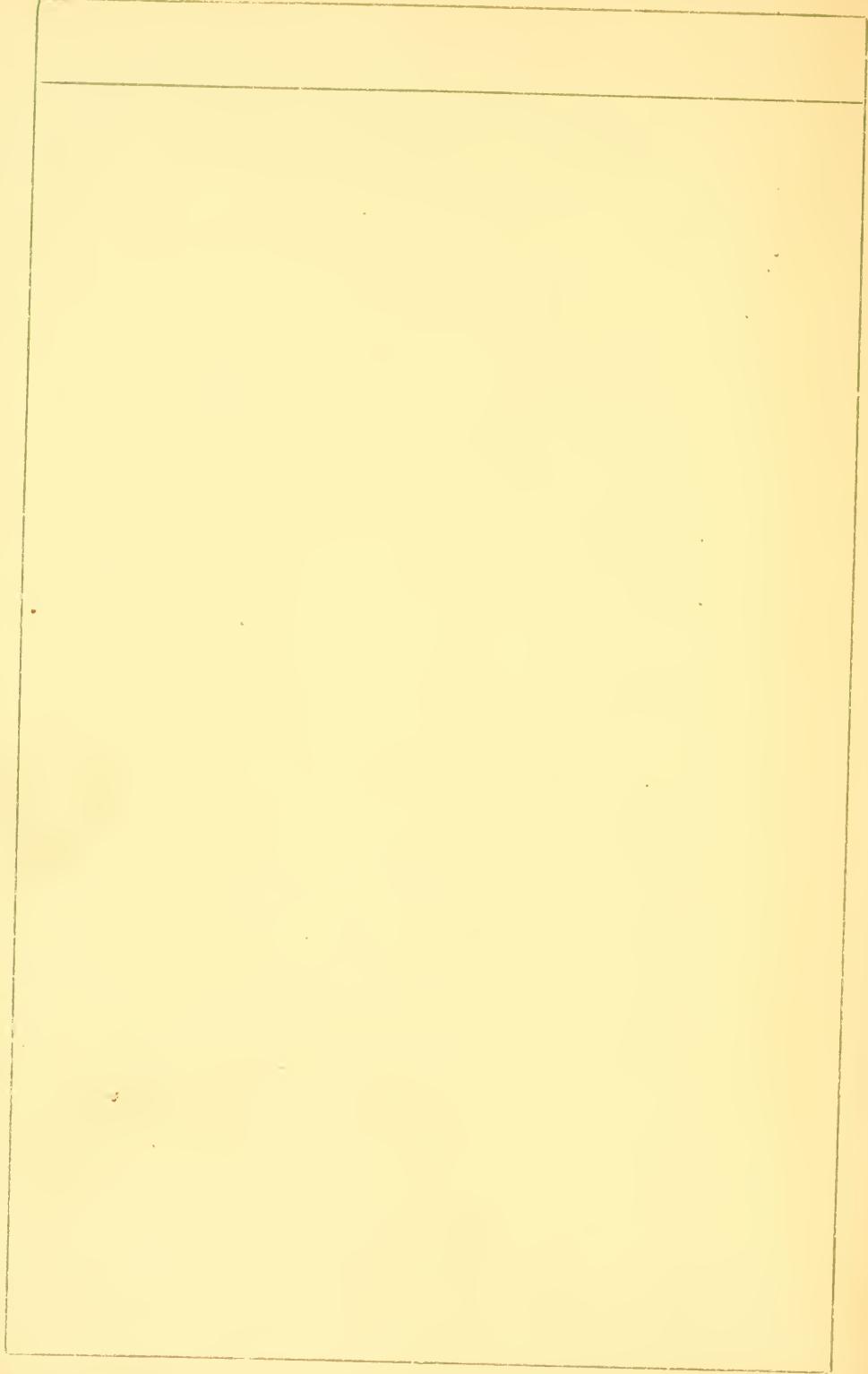
There's a beautiful sea of mystery
That is never sailed by men;
It's a sea by the heights of Motherhood
And it lies beyond their ken.

Its ships are manned with angels
Whose smiles of courage keep
A host of Mothers safe above
Its waters swift and deep.

These angels are the pilots,
And the precious freight that lands
Upon those shores where life meets death
Is lifted in their hands.

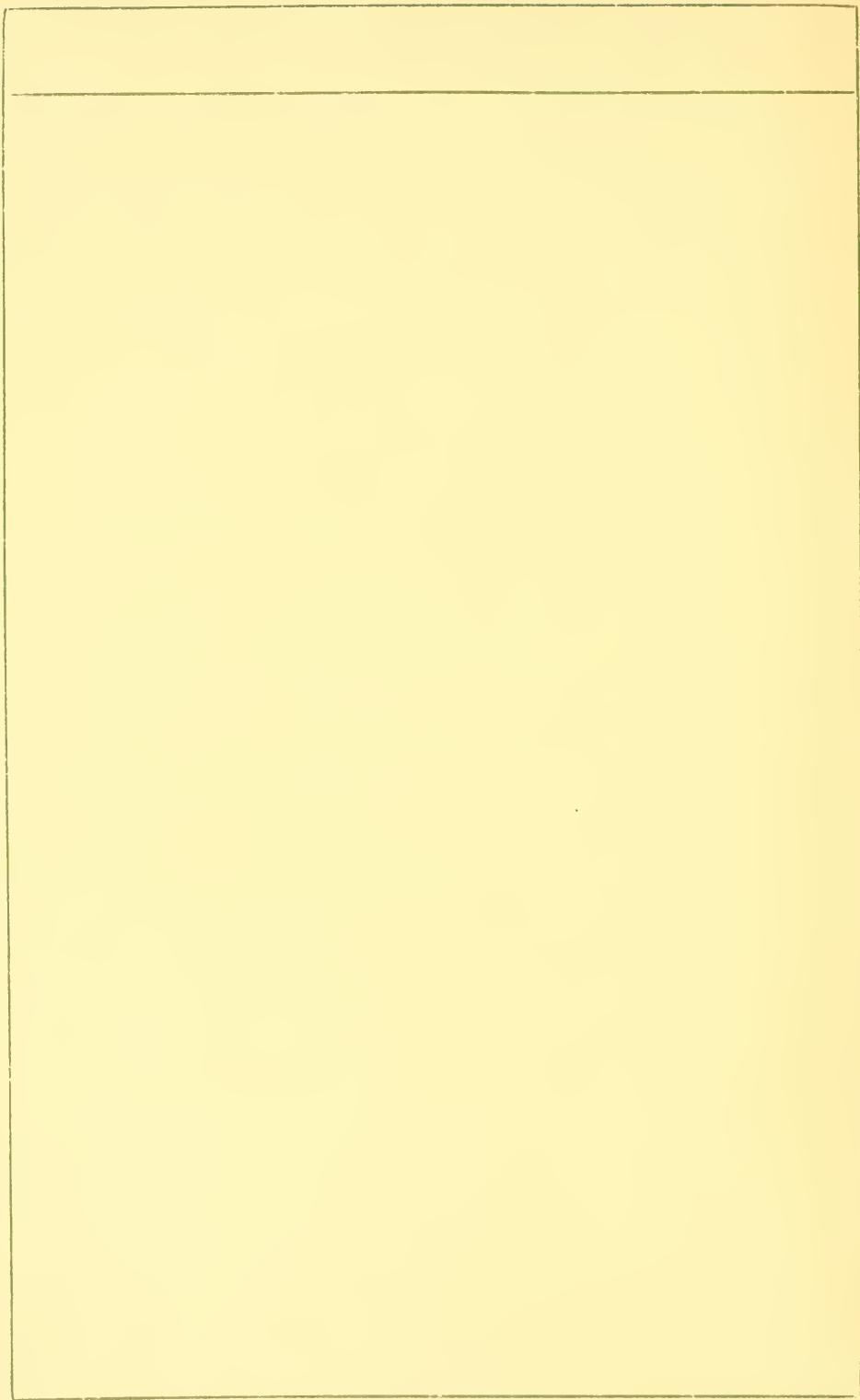
Sometimes a little life is lost
And sometimes, sadder still,
The Mother Soul drifts out and leaves
A void that none can fill.

Yet legions of these travellers
Who sail this sparkling sea
Reach port with hearts and eyes aglow
And songs of victory.



TALES THAT HUMOR TELLS

*Tales That Humor Tells may be
Tales on you as well as me;
So don't feel sad if here you see
One on you instead of me.*



ONE WAY BACK TO EDEN

This world might be a pretty good place
To live in and have a soft berth,
If Adam and Eve had taken "pot luck"
At that first meal they had upon earth.
Eve must have been setting the table,
And waiting for Adam to see
The figs and grapes she had fixed on some leaves
When Satan hopped out of the tree,
And showed her those pretty red apples
With wicked and fiendish glee;
Offering to give her a big juicy bite
If she'd only buy one for her mate;
When forgetting herself and the tree it hung from
She bought their dessert and they ate.

So together they fell and together they roam
Through a world of suspicion and doubt;
And there's only one way to the Paradise Gate
From which they were both driven out.
It lies "Over There" in the spirit land,
Where nothing is sold or bought;
Where dollars and cents have never been;
Where envy and greed have not fought;
Where silver and gold are free as air.
And all men are equal and blest;
Where our cares and our woes all fall away
And we lay down our burdens and rest.

TO A "WILDCAT"

There was a "Doc" in our town,
And he was wondrous wise;
He never told you what you had,
Nor listened to your sighs.
He let you talk your fool head off,
And then he'd calmly say:
"Don't do this, and don't eat that,
And rest three hours each day."

His office was a roosting place
For every kind of "nut."
They took his powders, ate his pills,
And liked the cross old "Mutt."
Sometimes he got so red and mad,
He almost tore his hair,
And human nature then beheld
A wildeat in his lair.

To old folks he was tender,
And with children he was dear,
But on the squealing, idle sort
He practiced with a leer.
Yet he was busy all the time,
And couldn't get away
To take a rest just once a year
And have a holiday.

He was a bright and clever chap;
 He joked away one's fears;
He bossed and ordered folks around,
 And laughed at silly tears.
Once in awhile he was real nice,
 And sympathetic, too,
With aches and pains, and even "nerves"
 His patients' wonder grew.

And while you wondered much about
 His methods rare and queer,
This paradox was teaching you
 To help yourself, my dear.
A courage must be fine and strong
 That dares to act a part,
That others may win out and hope;
 Look up and make a start.

The knife did not appeal to him
 Unless the case was grave,
And nothing else was quick enough
 An ebbing life to save.
His name will be emblazoned
 Down the ages, I'm quite sure,
As one whose school of discipline
 Recorded many a cure.

A VALENTINE THAT MISSED THE MAIL

I sing a song of a newspaper gang,
A gang that's hard to beat;
They rant and snort and fuss and fight,
But somehow fall on their feet.

There's Lynn and Potts, Hess and Jones,
Bosses of different types;
Each thinks he's "It," so don't wake them up
From those dreams curling out of their pipes.

"Doe" Freeman is a wonder man,
With a rich and marvellous mind;
His knowledge is unlimited
Of every sort and kind.

There's "Cally" with the fertile brain
And caustic pen. Oh, Son!
Here's hoping you are not the boob
At whom she's poking fun.

Among the upstairs union bunch
Are many loyal guys,
And some are good and clever,
With open minds and eyes.

Slaughter is a wizard
With wonderful speed and skill,
And Mac is a man with the kind of a job
That only a man can fill.

Jesse and Walter are good old scouts,
And Giles is a smiling chap;
The three are pals and they form a squad
Who for camouflage don't care a rap.

There are numerous others in this gang,
Whose names I can't recall,
But ere I lay my pen aside,
One more I would extol.

He is the modest, brilliant chief
Of all this motley crew—
A Christian and a diplomat—
A person real and true.

Contented to play fair and straight
The game of life with men,
John Stewart—leader, princee and chief
Of all your tribe and ken.

JOURNALISM

David was a clever scribe
 And so was Edmund, too;
 But David had the kopecks,
 And Edmund not a sou;
 So all the brains that Edmund had
 Dave thought he'd like to hire,
 Provided Edmund would agree
 To let him pull the wire.

So Edmund said: Alright, Old Top,
 Gadsooks, I'll let them go;
 For what are brains without some coin
 I'd really like to know?
 I'll write your views and spill my words;
 Money's what I'm after;
 News is what the public wants;
 Genius is my grafter.
 Ideals won't buy auto cars;
 Visions are gold bricks;
 Unless I hustle while I dream
 I'll never take odd tricks.

Facts and jokes, truths and lies,
 Polities, sciencee, creeds
 Mingle and mould the minds of men;
 Prompt their words and deeds.
 And when we live in a world like this
 Where nothing talks like cash,
 A poor guy sells most anything
 To eut his little dash.

SUMMER, 1921

I'm crazy mit the heat, I am;
I'll say I am, Old Sun,
So take your rays some seven ways
And let us have some fun.

For three months you've been on the job,
And each day has been hotter,
Till I'm disposed to think, Old Slob,
You're just a huge "self starter."

Your hot old face is quite a bore;
Your blistering glare is bold;
I'd like to see it rain a month,
Then—blessed thought—turn cold.

You've scorched and burnt, fried and stewed
All nature's garb so green.
Men's brains and thoughts you've melted
red—
Such nerve has ne'er been seen.

Get up behind the clouds, Old Blast,
And give the winds a show.
The autumn gales are on the way,
And I'm darned glad it's so.

—
1921

THE GAME OF LIFE

Said a Saint to a Sinner I'll give you a tip
In the game of Life that we play;
While you bid on the Hearts that you hold in your
grip,
I win with No Trumps every day.

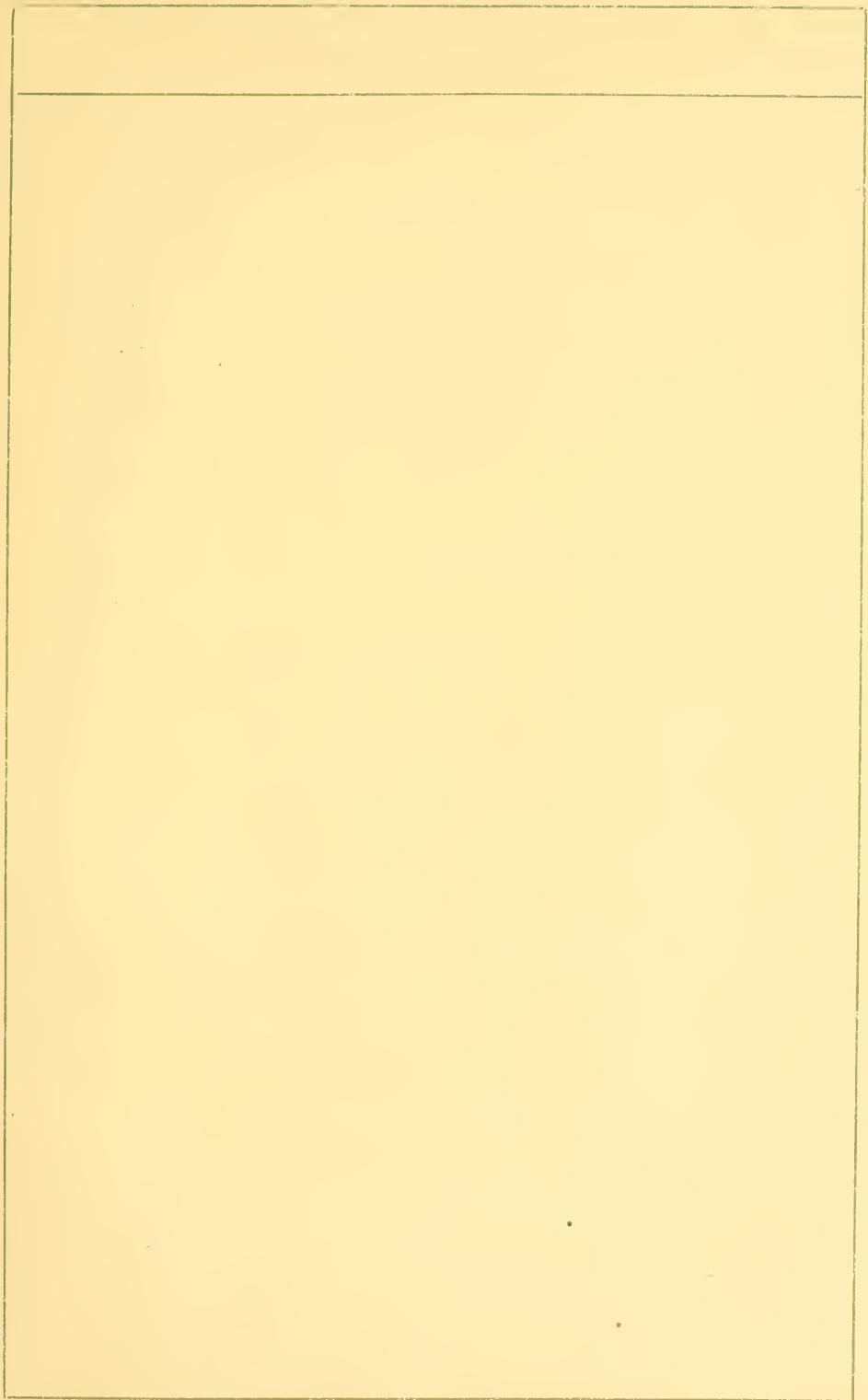
You stack the deck with cheat and bluff,
And steal your tricks with a lie,
But in the end my Honor Score
Counts up with Aces high.

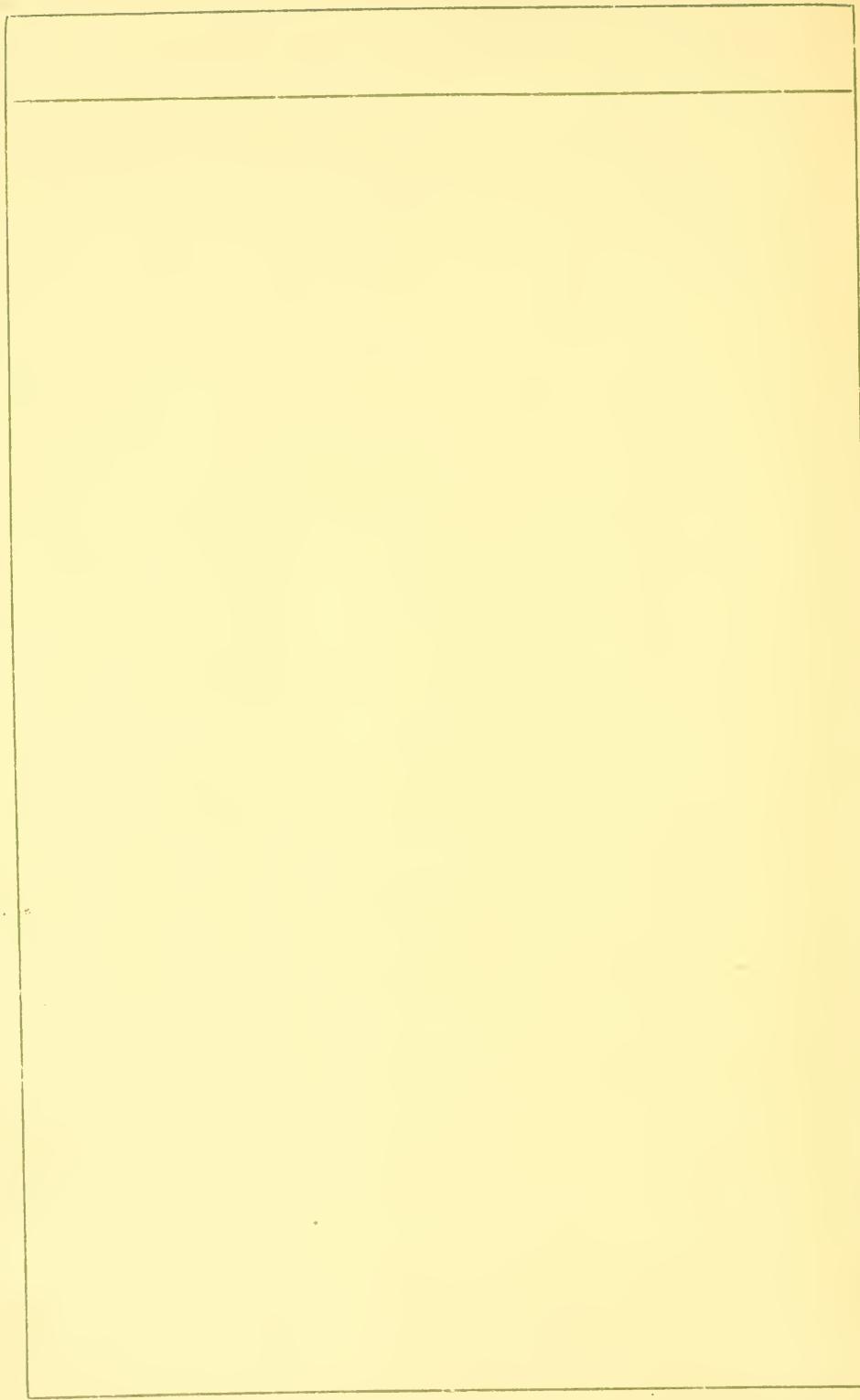
Your fussy partner, Money-Mad Greed,
Deals with deceit and stealth,
Forgetting the fact that methods like these
Are signals of failure and death.

The first prize, Virtue, is always mine;
The second, Contentment, I get;
But the "booby" you draw, and it's labeled
"Despair"—
You take it with groans of regret.

So in this game of Life, "Old Boy,"
You are a sorry lout,
And bye-and-bye I'll wear a crown
When you are down and out.

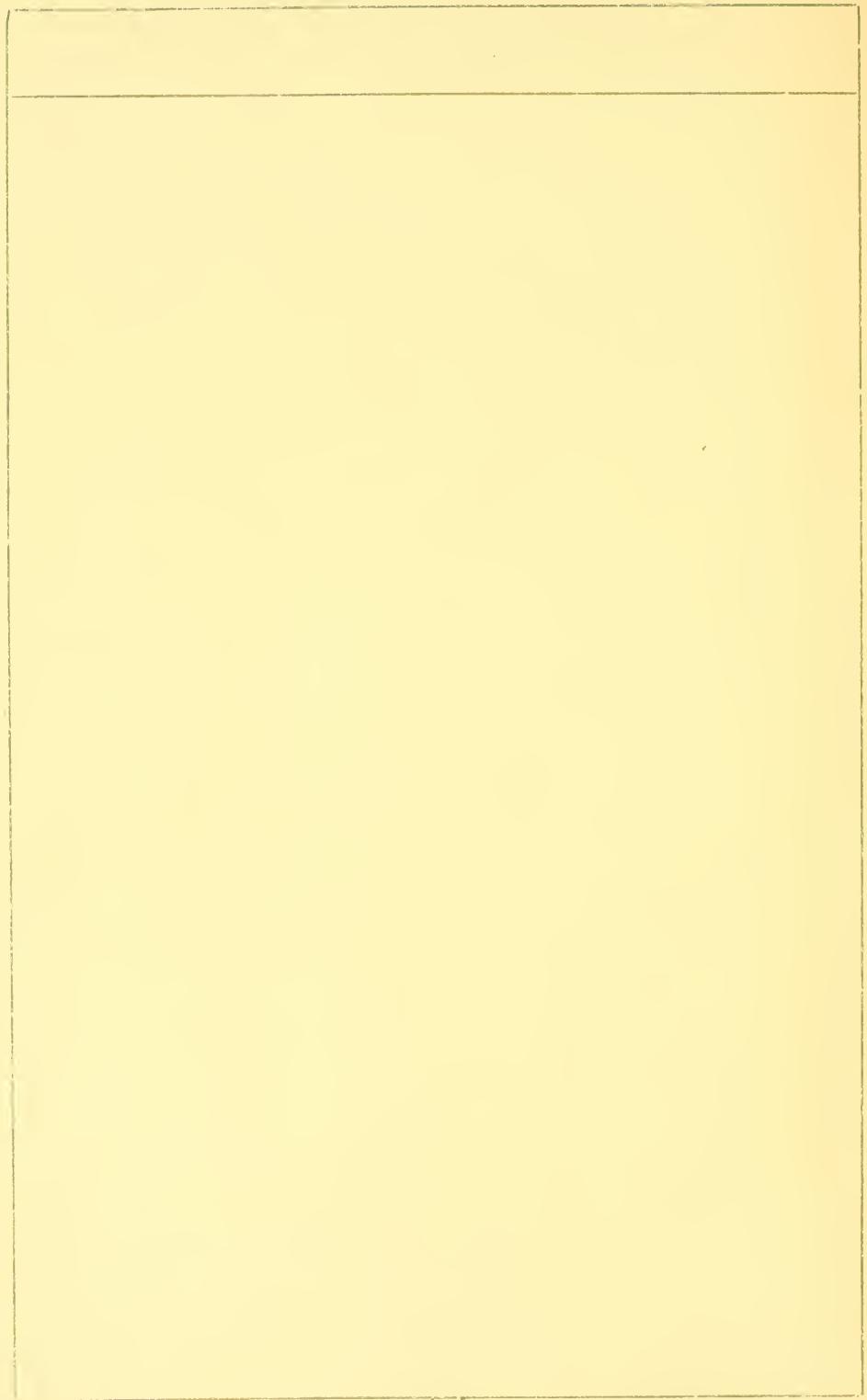
1921





RAINBOW RAYS OF OTHER DAYS

*Rainbow Rays of Other Days
On youthful, happy hours
Leave golden beams across those dreams
Reflecting memory's flowers.*



9 EAST GRACE STREET

Back over the years I trip with joy
To those days that are no more,
When my brothers and I played hide and seek
In a yard of the long ago.

Where today only part of the old house stands,
Where we first saw the light of day;
Where we romped through the fun of Santa Claus
land,
And rollicked with laughter and play.

Where the woman who nurtured and loved us,
A mother who was a saint,
Sat in the cool of the evening
In a garden lovely and quaint.

Where her spirit communed with the flowers,
And her influence, lofty and fine,
Cast a spell o'er the children she fondled,
Like music that echoes through time.

This old fashioned garden, secluded,
With specimens fragile and rare,
Was planted and brought to perfection
By one whom we called "Grandpere."

A fun-loving soul and a doctor;
A physician who filled every need;
A soldier, veteran, author;
A congenial companion, indeed.

A botanist, teacher and surgeon,
Whose bills bore the Red Cross seal;
Whose patients were poor and adored him;
Whose wealth was his power to heal.

There was ivy from Kenilworth Castle
In this garden of roses and vines;
A trellis, a picturesque bower,
Where the Micromyrtus clustered and twined.

A lily nook, sunken and shaded;
High ground, where the tulip beds lay,
Where jonquils and starry narcissus
Reflected the glory of day.

A cold frame, a basement for nurslings,
With steps leading down in the ground,
Where the Night-Blooming Cereus was guarded,
And other exotics were found.

The one I remember for beauty
Was exquisitely chiselled and white,
But a touch or a breath on its petals
Would injure and leave there a blight.

Cape Jasmine, odor from Edom;
Faultless, but where is it now?
Perhaps it has gone with those gardens,
Or just doesn't linger, somehow.

Where nothing seems natural or loving,
Like it did in those years long ago,
When trysting and romance and gardens
Were hallowed and hidden and slow.

AN IDEAL

Give me a thoughtful man,
With a face that is honest and strong;
One that will fight for right,
And needs none to help him along;
One that God fashioned to be—
Not perfect—just a man, every inch;
One who never knows fear;
Who from duty and work does not flinch;
A man who, when seen in a crowd,
A woman instinctively knows
Is the one she could trust and believe
Through a life of joys or woes.
His profile is no artist's dream;
Conceited he could not be,
Yet among all the handsome men
In his face there is more to see.
But it rarely appears in this life,
Though once in awhile you can,
By watching intently discover
The face of a real manly man.

1900

WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER

First there was dear old Henry,
When she was sweet sixteen,
Just home from "The University,"
And as handsome as a dream;
They talked and danced and "had it" bad;
He made the sweetest lover,
But she, alas, could not right then
The answering spark discover.
Of course dear Henry soon found out
That there were maids galore,
And straightway bowed at other shrines;
Oh, but her heart was sore;
Not long, though, for a soldier boy
Soon stole it right away;
He was the finest, noblest lad,
In V. M. I. array.

Brass buttons, a buckle, letters sweet,
Preserved with girlish care,
Were happy, cherished relies
Of this second love affair.
A summons home, a broken date
The night they planned to meet,
A misunderstanding—then a break—
And love made a quick retreat.
In after years he made a plea
For the love that might have been.
Too late, though, for another then
Right boldly had stepped in;
He was an athletic man,
With shoulders big and grand;
He rushed and wooed her gallantly,
And almost won her hand.

A ring, a locket and other gifts;
Love letters by the score,
And every day a little girl
Learned to love him more.
For two brief happy, golden years
The course of love ran smooth;
Then pride stepped in and parted wide
Their lives for aye forsooth.
Of minor loves and friends and beaux
There were right many, too—
One Tom, two Franks, Charles, Bob and Jim
And, oh, yes, one named Hu—
She liked them all, and likes to think,
Now that they're far apart,
That each one keeps a thought for her
Down somewhere in his heart.

The last Prince Charming to appear
Is gentle, brave and kind;
Considerate, good with winning ways,
And broad, well-balanced mind.
He may win out, and if he does
I'll tell you why 'twill be—
Because he's never loved before.
And she?—well, only three.

YESTERDAY AND TODAY

In boyhood's golden past
I loved you alone, sweetheart.
My heart was yours to keep and claim
From all the world apart.
No other faee smiled in my dreams
But yours in the old sweet way;
No soul was one in thought with mine;
No voicee or tone so gay—
But that was Yesterday,
And this is Today.

We talked of love and life
Together, just you and I,
As we sat in the misty light
That flooded the summer sky,
Sometimes we were silent, little one,
But your hand was in my own,
And I felt a thrill of holy love
Till then I ne'er had known—
But that was Yesterday,
And this is Today.

We were happy apart from the crowd,
And you never sought to conceal
Your love for me from others,
And yon never seemed to feel
Any lack of admiration
From those who would fain have been
Attentive to you, my darling,
Had they thought you were free to win—
But that was Yesterday,
And this is Today.

Well, we cannot alter fate,
Nor keep the past always;
Destiny weaves a thread
That saddens those bygone days,
When faith and love and joy,
Fostered by innocent youth,
Know no sorrow nor care,
When all is beauty and truth—
When all our Yesterdays
Hallow Today.

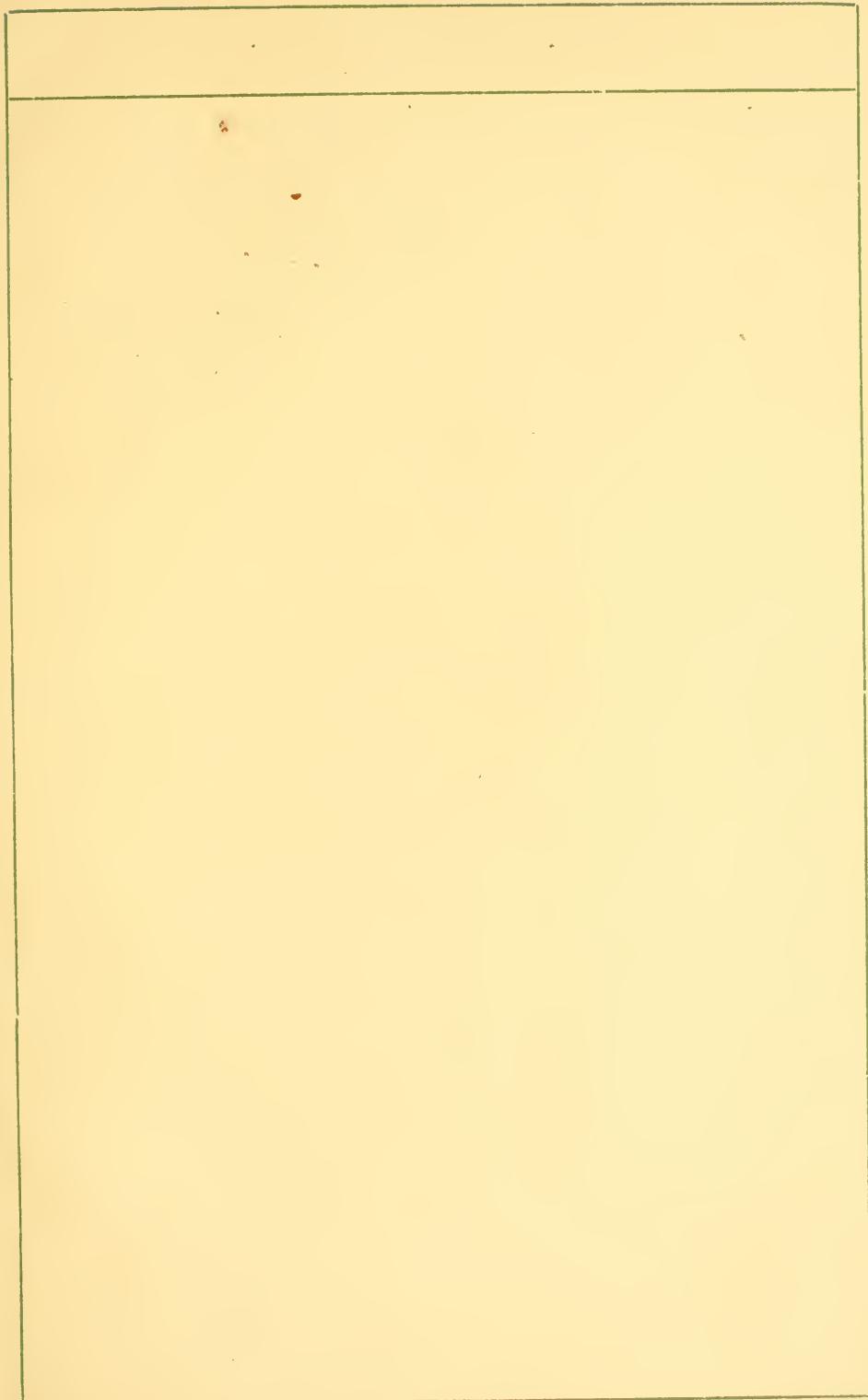
You and I do not forget
That boy and girl affair,
Though now you talk to men galore,
With a charming naivete air;
You don't avoid the noise and rush
Of a crowded ballroom floor;
You divide one waltz into three parts,
And find no man a bore.

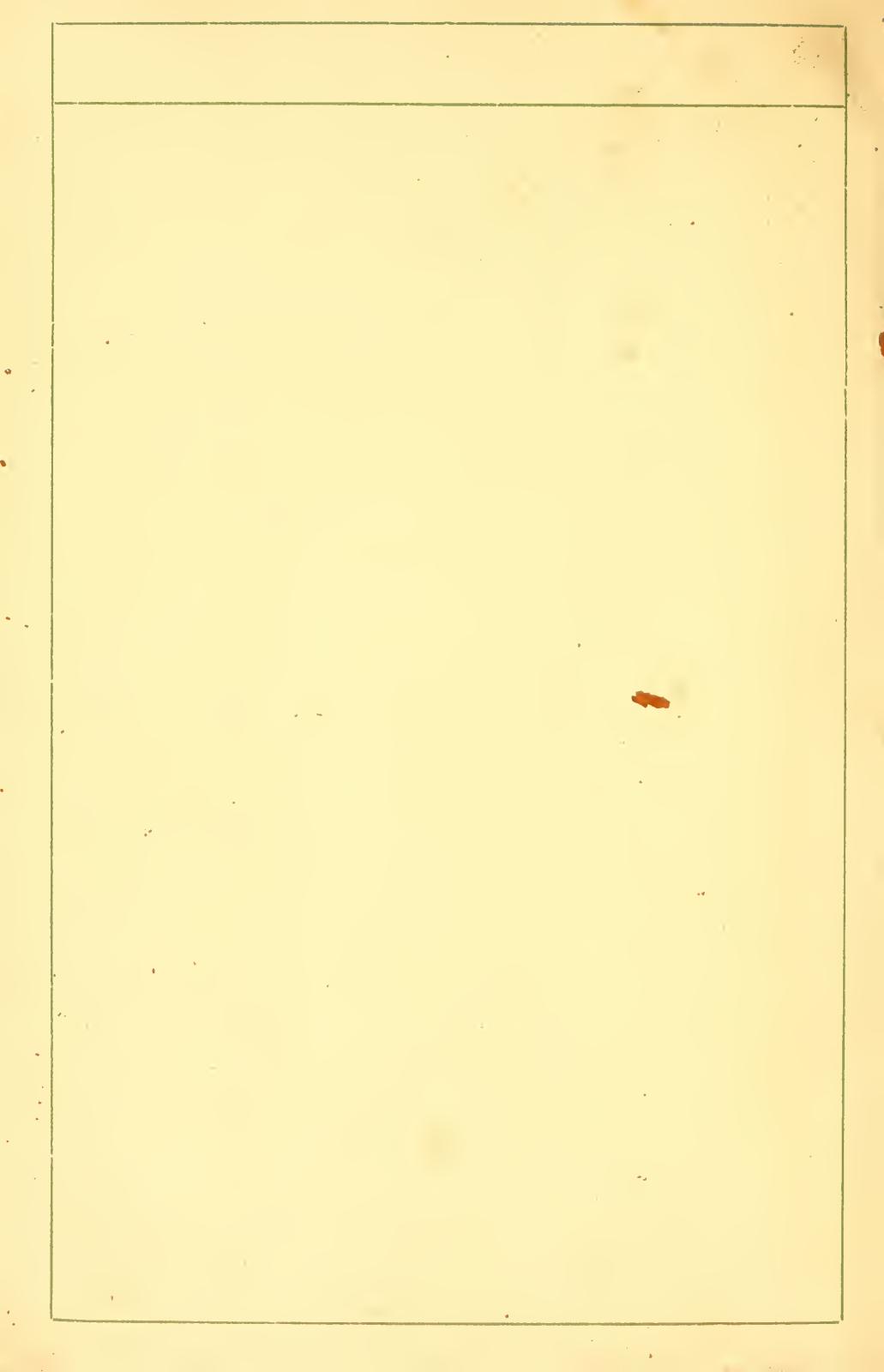
I, too, am fond of society;
I am called a blasé man;
I jolly the young girls a little,
And the old folks think I am grand;
I fit in the placee I am wanted;
I enjoy life as a whole.
At night—alone with my pipe—
The rest of my story is told—
For the love of Yesterday
Haunts me Today.

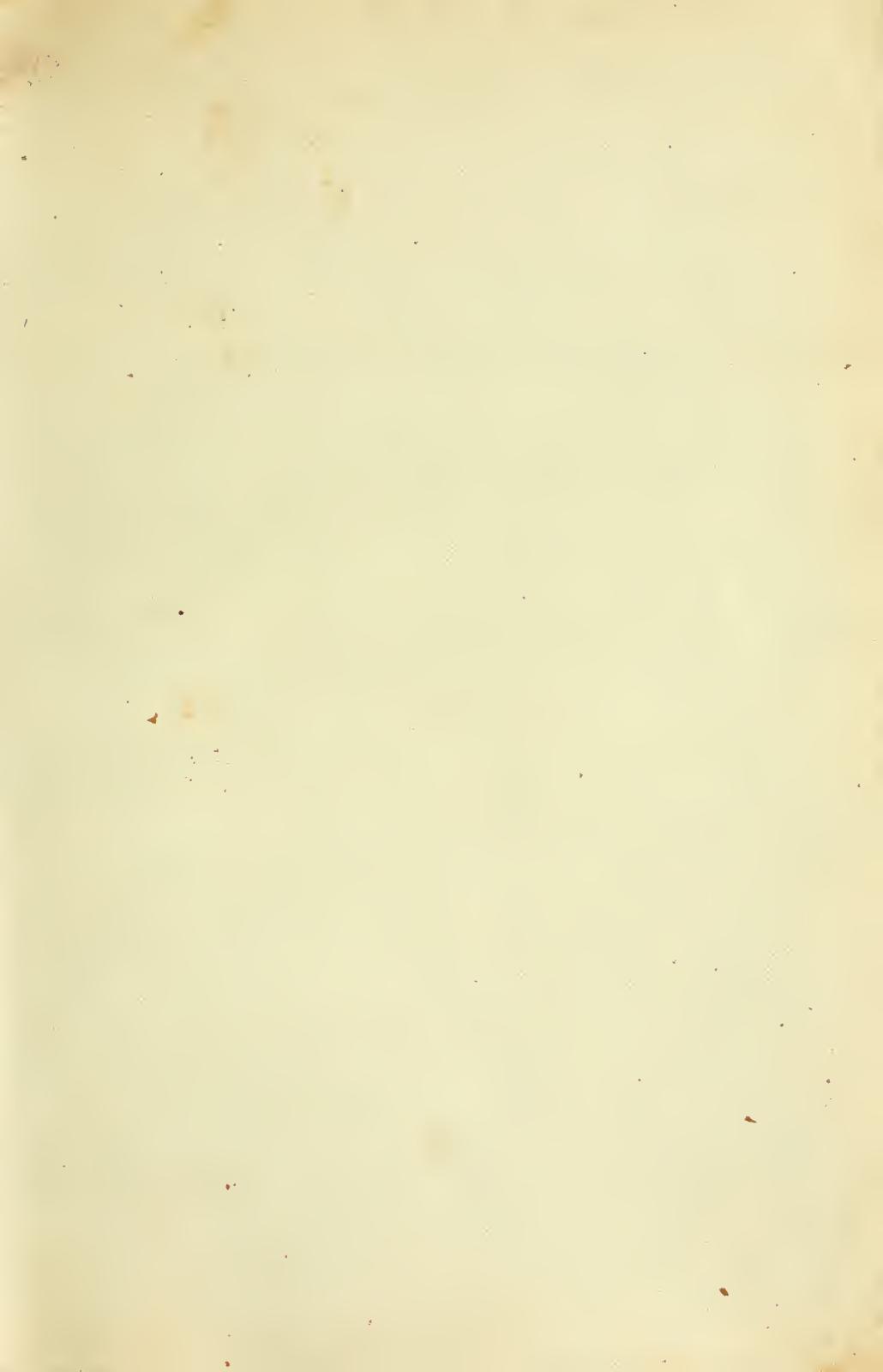
A BIRTHDAY RHYME

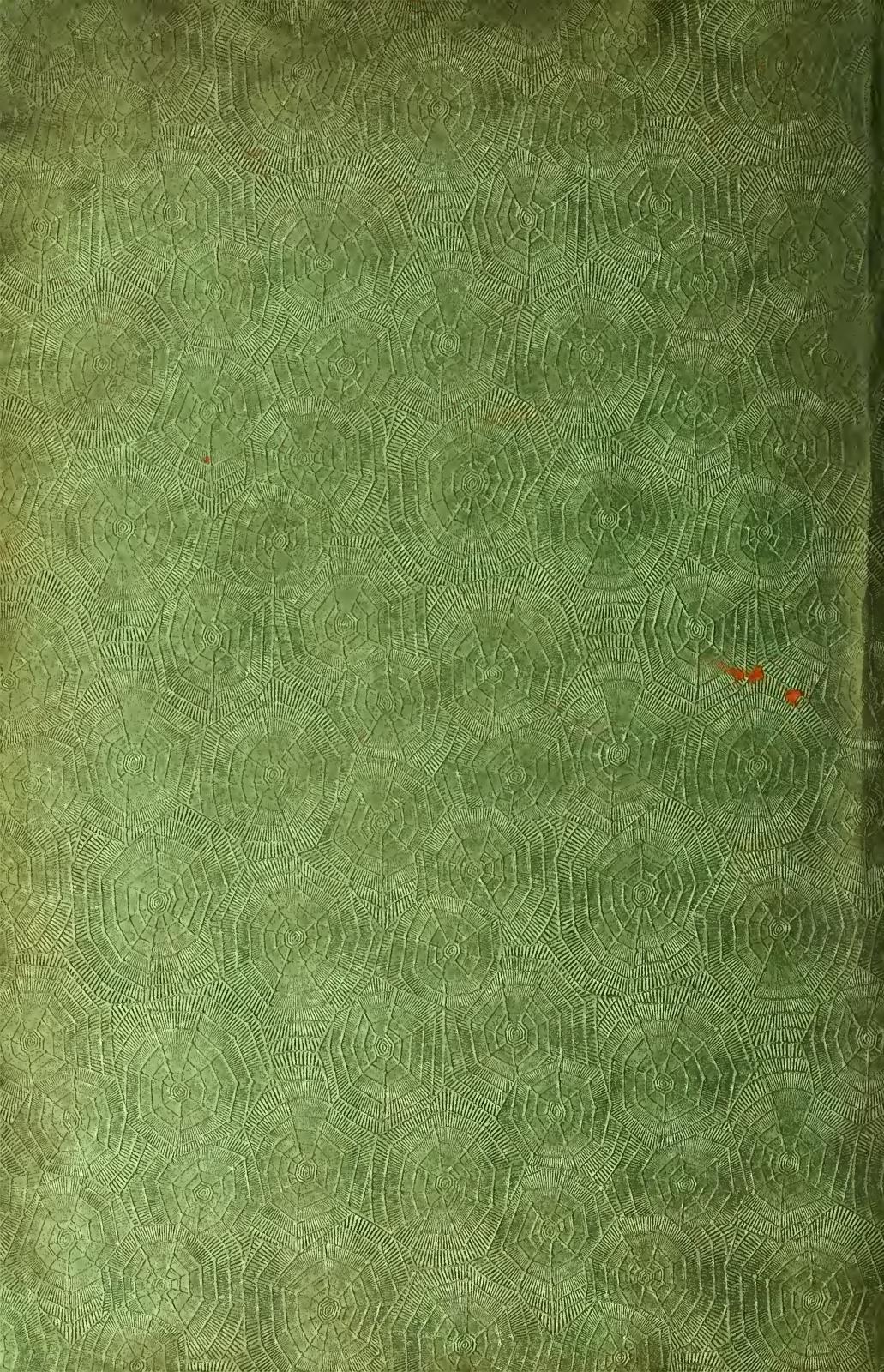
Many bright and happy returns
Of this day for you, I pray;
Many joys and blessings, dearest
To sweeten the hard, rough way;
God's richest, choicest gifts surround
Your life in flowing measure;
May happiness and love abound
To give to you their treasure;
I also ask for you beloved,
The strength that makes the soul;
The sweetness of a pure, true heart;
The peace and grace untold,
That only Heaven itself can send.
When shadows cloud the way,
Good angels guard and keep you
Forever and—Today.

1908











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